Events After His Pariner Went Fishing Unsuccessfully for B Roll of Bills in the Water That Show That a Bluff Will Go Luriber in Michegan Than in New York. "It isn't so " said the stereopticon man emphatically. "No, ser' They say a bluff'll carry farther in Now York shan anywhere on earth, but I know different. 'Tisn't so long sme I put up one-of the longest binfls on rec-

and see it wasn't in New York, heither." Where was it? asked the advance agent. "West I don't exactly like to say, because if I give it away it might kinder spail the sostanding of one of the leadin' lights of that I wan and I don't want to do that, because

be an me is pals, see? "Then howelld you work it?" asked the ad-

The stereopticon man tore a leaf out of his sontrast book, lighted it at the gas and ignited to cight. "It was this way," he said. For two minutes he remained silent, and then went on. Two years ago last fall me and Billy Mason were nitting the small fowns with a einographoscope outilt. In northern Ohio we did pretty well, but when we struck eastern Michigan we found ourselves up against it the worst way. It was a frost from start to fin-Ich. A man had been through there with a inematograph about two months before, showing a line of pictures just like ours, and the Michigan cays didn't propose to pay twice for seeing the same article. The consequence was that pretty scan the nap were off the velvet we had a sumulated in Ohio, and after a bir we had to sell our machine to a Bantist Sanday school was to get money to come on to New York. The price was \$10% and the Baptist denotes made good like gentlemen. They wanted me to set; the muchine up in the Sundar school and show them how to run it, so I handed the money over to Billy Mason, and me and the deacons started for the Sanday school with the cinegraphoscope ahead on a wheelbarrow. We got the machine up all right but those dearons were the hardest proposition lever starked up against. They had the

Smelay school wired for incandescent lamps,

so there was no trouble about a light, but the

so there was no trouble about a light, but the deacens had about as much idea of voltage and the restlike current as I have about the higher criticism. However, I made them think that traits they understood it all and then started for the hotel on a run, so sto get and careful the 7 clock for Petrott.

"Billy met me at the foor. Say, did viewer see the perture of the king of Frames after the safe of hadvar. It was at the musee once stems that some other king got in on his solar perms, an when the artist, snapshotted him he was just south to, and shouth? All is lost but honor. Well, hilly Mason looked just like he was the King of Traines.

"Seems that after the deacons and me went over to the sunday seriod Billy went and paid the board bill, and sertled at the bardan sourced of with the electric light records and did the gentleman be everythedly, and when he was through there was just \$125 left. Then he went dut to watch isome beys fishing on the some bridge. Seems that Billy was always a goodnatured guy, see ne bunk himself down over the parapet and got the hook out. Held just straightened on again me him self down over the parapet and got the hook out. Held just straightened on again me him self down over the parapet and got the hook out. Held just straightened on again me had a seemed the current caught lem and they were dearly as a sight of them. But he disn't do a thing bar dear the disn't do a thing bar dear the formal and and over the could in master the sum. Closing time came, and the self of the most intricate I know. But I wan until 2 would be could make down the river and out of sight. Billy and the about an world was a line of the slack water by the pier and in half as seemed the current caught lem and they were dearly as sight of them after sould and ready. Well, sir, I worked on that sum until 2 worked on that sum until 2 were should be seen and the second the current caught lem and they were a worked the current caught lem and they were a work and the could be current caught lem and they were a wo

man met him as he landed.
"That'll costyou haif a dollar,' says the man. " what for shout- Billy,

"Didn't you swite my bort" says the man. "And of course fully couldn't deny it. But he went through pocket after pocket and couldn't raise a cent. " 'Say, what d'ye think of that,' he says, 'a

minute ago I had a hundred and a quarter, an now, bluee, I can't find a cent. Where's it

Well, I guess not. That's a Noo York

Then Billy tumbled that the bills was his an' began to book like the King o' I rance after attle of Batavia. Hed been lookin' like that half an hour when I came in. Say, what d'ye think of that? Wasn't it a frost? and we

couldn't raise the price of a chew of tobacco

Tance agent.

"Well, sominued the stereopticon man, "we lold the indiors how the a-sets of the firm had gone floating down the creek, and say, he was a search. Never mind, larse, he says, you go not an see it you can dig un some kind of a pot an enawhile you can stry right on as my guests. New, say, what doe think of that?"

"He certainty was goed to you, said the advance agent. to agent. Just then in comes a man named Jenkins

that ran a stationery store, the stereopticon man scationed, and the landlord stops him, and tells how fully got separated from the bills for these chars to do: owins, 'there's old man Gay-

cont Shorton, says Jenkins.

intleman, save lenkins. rest him? says I.
ikins Come to mr place
I'd do it.
d set 'em up, and me and says Billy, when the door was shut, I of a song and dance is this? .You 12 says L. Didn't I go through

eavs Jenkins, 'can be fill it?' certain's, says L. 'Will you intro-

wave denkins; unde an appointment for Billy to to Baball an hour, and went back u get it? shouts Billy as soon as he dead to skin,' says I, 'and one for you, want a teacher are to the commer-tion as and mall the job. You was a reletence.
I shall to seen billy. His mouth an indition he broke into a how to could near half a block away he sais. You, for a reletence, and of reference. I'm the expert from New York

hour he was back. I but on all the side I knew how, but I gress its no go. He said he'd see.'

"Never mind," says I. To-morrow I'll so see him myself."

So next day I mounted the landlord's high dice and called at the Commercial College, and say. I looked just as much like a banker as when I landed the wagon man. I sunk all the siang and watched sharp after my grammar. Say, if you'd heard me talk you'd thought it was Dr. Parkhurst. The old guy tipped me a chair and I introduced myself and said I'd just dropped in, thinking that the cares of business would probably make it difficult for him to call upon me. Then I mentioned Billy's name.

"Well, he says. I'm extremely sorry, but I fear Mr. Mason will not suit."

"For half a minute I never said a word. Then I said, very slowly: Professor, if you knew that young man's capability as well as I know it, and as well as many others know it. I don't believe you would say that."

"Well, well,' says the old man, 'well, well, I may have been mistaken, but he did not strike me as a likely tencher!"

"Professor,' says I.' talkin' like a parson at a christening, it you care to give Mr. Mason a trial, you will change your opinion on that score.

"The old man looked a little rattled, and then said he thought Billy lacked dignity."

"What' says I. 'Mr. Mason lack dignity?"

"He's so small, says the old man.

"Ah, 'says I. 'amail, yes—but undignified? Why, my dear sir, you don't know Mr. Mason. Possibly alore, in the presence of his employer, little might unbend, but in public before his pupils—why, sir, his dignity is unimreschable.

But his excerience? says the old mas. kind of blaintively.

"A kraduate of one of the first commercial colleges in America, my dear sir—a graduate of the New York State normal school—where sould he have better experience?"

"The old kuny hemmed and hawed, and blew his gay old nose, and I saw I had him going, so I throw in one on his shoulder. I recommend Mr. Mason to you. I am satisfied that when you get him you get a young man in 10,000. Put him to work! If he does not show his worth within two weeks discharge him. He asks no consideration a " 'Never mind,' says I. 'To-morrow I'll go So next day I mounted the landlord's high and called at the Commercial College, and

So he did, and, sav, his stock went 'way up

"So he did, and say, his stock went 'way ut out of sight, and that was the last bad trouble he had. A week or two later I left for New York with \$100 velvet, and I've never seen Billy since, but last month on the way from Chicago I drouted off at hetroit and the first man I ran-into was old McLaughlin.

"Yr. Stearns, he says, I owe you a debt of gratitude."

"About Mr. Mason? says I. Don't mention it. I knew he couldn't fail.

"That young man, said the old guy, is one of the most admirable I have ever known. He's the best teacher I ever had, and the staff and publis alike respect him. Did he tell you he was married?

Well, says the man. I hearn ye was out in the river chasin bills. I shows they was trum. Ye don't think neeple round these larts goes throwin' greenbacks into the river do ye. Well it is the river do ye. Well it is a says to manners, two in the devil you say, says L. Who to? and the do ye. Well it is the river do ye. Yell it is the river do yell is the river do yell

you use that word. Mr. Mason never swears. He is married to my daughter, sin and has a half interest in the business. And, sir, I am glad and proud of it.

"And all that," said the stereopticon man, "came out of a cold bluff."

WINTER ON THE RAILROADS.

The Number of Freight Cars Hauled by One "The weather can't get any too hot to suit me professionally," said a train despatcher on one of the big railroads. "Warm weather is the most favorable for the business of running trains, and the colder the weather the more difficulty we experience in keeping the yards and storage tracks free of cars. At this season of the year we make up a train of in the neighborhood of sixty-five cars-of course, we are speaking of the freight service-and this numher will gradually increase with the approach of warm weather until we reach a maximum of about eighty-five cars a train. These are only the figures, you understand, of my particular division. They will vary on other divisions and other roads, according to the grades and other physical characteristics Neither do these figures apply to the fast freights, which nowadays come from San Fran-cisco to New York fully as quickly as a letter and nearly as quickly as an unincumbered

passenger can make it.

"The minimum number of cars to a train is reached during the most severe winter weather. Then the average falls down to about forty-

five. During the coldest weather of this winter we did not dare to use more than forty to a train. The difference is due to the resistance of the train, I should say. It's all right as long as the train is kept in continual motion, but the moment it stops the trouble begins. The oil that lubricates the axies congeals so that the train is what we call frozen after it stands for a short time. I have seen every wheel in a train side, and the cars must not exceed in number these that the motive power can start with the brakes set. You see it costs as much money and energy to run a train of forty cars as achoes one of eighty cars very often more. This means that in a traffic of 1,700 cars a day at takes forly engines in the winter to twenty in the summer, and train crews, switching facilities, storage room, and everating expenses all in proportion. Besides all this, there are always delays and complications coming up that are directly traceable to the cold. Frozen steel is almost as brittle as so much glass, and everything from the rails up is subjected to a greater strain when in this state of contraction. Valves and appes filled with hot steam freeze with incredible speed with the thermometer at 15 below zero, and the locemotive going at the rate of twenty miles an hour. Engineers are held as strictly accountable as ever, but these accidents do happen to the less of them, and each accident causes so much additional delay.

"There is only one thing worse than cold weather and that is cold weather with snow. For its size and capabilities an engine in a snowsterm is the most helplessly stupid thing imaginable. A locemotive does not push the snow to one side and make a path for itself. It is emist owallow around init and take most of it along with it, antarrently for the purrose of decorating the runtion gear. It isn't long before a engine is loaded down with half a ton of its along with it, antarrently for the purrose of trains when it is loaded down with half a ton of its along with it, antarrently for the purrose of trains the whole side, and if the train ever to be a halt in this condition she is and to stay right there until dug loose. I being trains that is not only the point of congestion to overcome, but it must be overcome with the beast po the moment it stops the trouble begins. The oil that lubricates the axles congeals so that

and chewed it reflectively. The paddock in which he stood is only a few minutes run by train from Washington. It seemed odd, there-

and cheed it reflectively. The naddocs in which he stood is only a few minutes run by train from Washington, shoos as he said, he herefore, that he did not step on a train and run over to Washington, shoos as he said, he hand, herefore, that he did not step on a train and run over to Washington, shoos as he said, he hand, herefore, that he did not step on a train and run over to Washington, show that he hand, kered for another sight of it. He was asked about this.

Well, its restlied, "Two watting for five fellowing the said of ing on the inside of the game and many with death for a lew such a subject to the state of the game and the subject to the sub into a tannery. So I took them down to that Virginta clay course across the Potomac and fixed them up the best I knew how. They wouldn't do. St. Asach was getting some good horses straight from the Eastern tracks then and my platers were never in the hunt-never one, two, six, in fact. Worse than that, the books began taking my little \$2 and \$5 bets away from me right from the getaway, and I could see a winter ahead in New York with all the trimmings cut out. I met a dozen or so of pretty square chans in Washington, business men that liked to see em run and that used to make the favorite. I had a picture in my head of five fellows in Washington that had them each at hund to many different kind of hearthreak warting me out under my vest to feel like trying to extain the thing to time to see Jodan with open daylight the favorite in my head of the favorite in want of nerve, my pile was so low, and they made good, all right, when these things went through. But I was bunking up with such a hoodoo that I sloughed off even this rake-off, and when the thing happened that I'm going to fell you about I only had \$70 left out of the coverage with I had started in the gaugen with and when the thing happened that I in going to tell you about I only had \$70 left out of the corr cush I had started in the season with.

Now, I've been at this rame, on both sides of the fence, for more than twenty years, and, if any man is, I'm dead next to the fact that the horse game is hard and erugy. I hever yet was guilty of looking upon the running game as something easy. Yet I'm bound to admit that I often get what you can ead, if you want to, a hunch on a horse. Something that a plug does in his running, even if ne doesn't get near the money, takes my eve, and from thinking about I'l get a hunch on him. I don't get a hunch like this every day, or every week or month, for that matter, but I've neticed that these hunches of mine have gone through nine times out of ten during the past twenty years or so. Well, there was a horse called Jodan that had run in two or three sixfuriong sprints at Morris Park that fail, and I had liked his work. He was out of the money in both of those races, but I liked the way he went at his work. That horse Jodan locked to me like he had it in him. These two Morris Park races had been cautured, one, two, three by good ones, and I could see when I had a channer to look Jodan over in his stall that he was short of work. The string to which the horse belonged had a poor trainer, and I knew that a good trainer could get some six-furlong races out of Jodan. Thad is hunch on Jodan, and I fixed it in my head that if ever the horse get into the hands of a good ones, and I could see when I had a channer out of get a piece of my money, no matter what company he was upagains?

"Well, along toward the close of the St. Asaph meeting Jodan timed up at the track with another trainer handling him a man who had as good a knew of conditioning horses as ever I met up with, him before he had been on the track fitteen minutes, and asked him what he was going to do with Jodan. The fort three duarter event I can squeeze him into, he toid me, and I wouldn't be surprised to see him get a piece of it cozy cush I had started in the season with.

A couple of days later Jonan's name showed up among the entries for a six-furlong sprint, and I had another chaw with his trainer.

"He's good, he told me. Stay with your hunch. He ought to do.

"The rare was to be run on a Saturday. I looked up my Washington friends and told them confidently what Josian was going to do with a bunch of the best three-quarter runners to training. Four or the of them confidently. them confidently what Josian was going to do with a bunch of the lest three-quarter runners in training. Four or five of them couldn't help but give me the hoot on the proposition, and the raid they weren't going over to the track. Anyhow-foo busy closing up the week's business, and so on. They couldn't see where Jodan flaured with the lot he was to need. I went around to the rest of these Washington fellows on the Friday evening before the race and told them again about Jodan. They foo, a were all going to be too busy with the Saturity day wind up of business to take in the races that day, but five of them gave me \$10 cash to put on Jodan for them. None of them had any confidence in the thing, though.

The Jodan race was the first on the card. I there were fourteen entries, and not a horse was statched. The track was deep in dust, and I knew that he bookles would be dead to Jodan, but I didn't think they'd take the liberties ther did with him. The favorite opened up at 2 to I, and he was played down to 0 to 5 in no time. Then there were four or five shots in it ranging it

A THREE-LEGGED MIRACLE.

CLIMAX TO A HORSE TRAINER'S RUN
OF BAD LUCK.

He Was Sure That Jodan Would Win and
Jodan Did Win, but He Could Not Go
Back to Washington, for Five Friends
Were Waiting to Collect \$1.000 Apiece.
Washington, March 18.—Washington, as I
remember it, was a pretty nice old logger of a
town," said an old-time trainer who got in at
Bennings a few days ago with a well-known
string of horses in preparation for the spring
meeting there. "I'd like to have a look at it
signin by daylight. Got in this time after
dark and came right out here before sunrise.
First time I'd hit Washington for five years—
since the fall meeting at St. Asaph in 1844. I
surely would like to have another look around
Washington. But I guess I'll have to pass it
up. I'm not hunting for bother nowadays."

Then the trainer picked up a wisp of hoy
and chewed it reflectively. The paddock in

Tou were written in all the way up to 150 to 1. Jod
dan, my muit, stowed away to 150 to 1. Jod
dan, my muit, stowed away to ragood thing,
or and 100 to 1 and stuck there. I went
out to the stable where Jodan was quartered
to find his trainer, but I couldn't dig him up.
He was mixed up with the punch in the paddock or in the stand. So I decided that it
wasn't necessary for me to see him, anyhow,
wasn't necessary for me to see him, anyhow,
was fine before, when he whispered
to me that Jodon to 1 against the horse.
So I traingsed around to the ring to put
down my mount and to find its him to win, no matter if the
beside hall 1,000 to 1 against the horse.
So I traingsed around to the ring to put
down my mount and two win, no matter if the
beside hall 1,000 to 1 against the horse.
So I traingsed around to the ring to put
down my mount and to win, no matter if the
beside hall 1,000 to 1 against the horse.
So I traingsed around and plant it in \$10 core to
meeting the ring to put
to who I as a specific and the last fifty short around and plant it in \$10 core
the last fifty short around and plant it in \$10 core
to win my money and that of on the rin eant space.
You were just going to take some Jodan.

n'r vour he asked me. That's what, said I. "He'll turn the trick.

BOHEMIA ENJOYS ITSELF.

BROADWAY RESTAURANT AFTER MIDNIGHT ON SATURDAY.

The Actors, Chorus Girls and Their Wow-Wow Boys, Rounders and Others-Curious Diversions of the Houpla-Elve Hours of Gayety at the End of the Week.

Twelve o'clock Saturday night in Broadway, Bells proclaim it sonorously. Clocks record it silently. Most decorous citizens who have beds are in them. Others are on the way to them. Humanity, which has surged all day in a vast, unending sea, is disappearing from the street. Broadway, the great sea's bed, is drying up. Small streams, desultory and reminiscent of the multitude, meander along, senttering belated men and women into the side treets like flotsam to-sed upon the beach.
In hundreds of show windows the lights

flicker sleepily, but in the great crystal expanses of one restaurant in upper Broadway they flare with a rejuvenated splendor which compels speculative attention. You pause to consider Surely, there is something suggestive of welcome, something of the flattering solicitude of sincere invitation, in the golden radiance of the light which is hypnotic, captivating irrestible. You enter.

The interior is conventional. There is the

same display of glass, sliver plate and linen more or less immaculate, and the same dull atmosphere redolent of remote culinary achievements which salute you in those downtown eating houses to which you repair daily at noontime for the promotion of your dyspepsia. Twelve o'clock. The fat cashier who had needed drowsily behind his desk near the windows till the last stroke, and who, in his utter weariness, accidentally gave you a good eigar, now brightens perceptibly. The apron-clad waiters rouse themselves from an apathy induced by long hours and move triskly about. Customers of quiet demeanor who have dropped in for an after-the-performance supper pay their checks and drop out. There is a brief interval of commercial stagnation, and

then-and then-Houpla! Comes the vaudeville soubrette, dainty, witching, studiously coy. All accessories to feminine adornment are hers; she is a thing of beauty enhanced by art and artifices from the soles of her trim little patent-leather boots to the lofty pinnacles of the plume-tipped velvet tower which, rising from a golden hirsute foundation, assumes to be a hat. Masculine slaves in faultless evening dress follow in her wake, looking the adoration which holds them in thrail. They are amouth-shaven and young, very young; but they are duriful to the verge of abjection.

Houpla! Comes the chorus girl, also beauiful, also witching, also adorned, also adored by serfs in high stik hats and claw-hammers She calls them her Wow-Wow Boys, and they chuckle in responsive glee, for every word which falls from her carmine lips is a gem of wit or a precious coin of humor to them. Others Wow-Wow Boys, too, but they chuckle not, and over their soft checks which the scrape of razor has never harassed there talls the shadow of grief.

Houplat Comes the leading man released from the perambulating glare of the lime-light and basking new only in the overpowering effulgence of his own spectacular beauty. Comes the low-comedian, disgorging gags and fun. Comes the knock-about comedian. Comes the old-time variety performer. Comes the

Mary to the control of the control o

Never was the first person singular so overworked. But still the Houpia progresses. Your
interest, however, paths.

Four o'clock. The Houpia is a little short of a
bacchanalias squall. The good humor of conviviality for the promotion of sociability solely
is fast disappearing. So is the throng. Few of
the women remain. Here and there is a belated soubsette or chorus girl still faithfully
attended by her Wow-Wow Boys. Everybody
has grown self-assertive to a degree, it seems.
Personal differences have led to smothered
auturnels. The waiters have led to smothered
auturnels. The waiters have led to smothered
auturnels. The waiters have led to smothered
auturnels. The dynamics of querulous subseribers to the dying Houpia to make less
noise or refrain from belligerency. Even a
few of the Wow-Wow Boys, smarting under the
off-rejeated rebukes of their sovereigns or the
gibes of their fellows, are prone to surfliness
and insurrection. A laugh or a sweet sound of
undefilled mirth is no longer heard. Only the
rounders, who remain in force, seem to avoid
dissensions and disquieting personal entanglements. They are transulf, and occasionally
they smile.

Crash-h-h: A tinkle and clink of falling
glass. Feminine screams, masculine gasps.
All is confusion. A Wow-Wow Hoy is at the

they smile.

Crash-h-h: A tinkle and clink of falling glass. Feminine screams, masculine gasps, All is confusion. A Wow-Wow Boy is at the bottom of it. All night, or morning as you please, he has sat leaving against the wall, sitently surveying the Hounda's pageantry. He has said nothing, done nothing, to accelerate the reveiry, but the forces of mental hysteria were growing within him. The climax comes. Seizing a gilt-headed bottle, without word or warning he sends it hurtling through the air. It fetches up against the opposite wall and breaks into a thousand please. The Wow-Wow Boy doubles up in a strange anatomical knot and howles in mad delight.

"I've been wanting to do that for hours." he screams. "Oho; ha! ha! How you all jumped! Dear me! He! he! he! I wouldn't have missed it for half a thousand!"

Rude hands are laid upon him. Ejection summary and distressing is threatened. But as he jays the damage without blinking at the proprietor's extertionate estimate and orders gilt-headed bottles all around, he is permitted to remain.

More disturbance. Everybody engaged this

gilt-headed bottles all around, he is permitted to remain.

More disturbance. Everybody engaged this time. That tail, willows creature who entered late with a troop of Wow-Wow Boys at her clicking French heels, and who, your bottle mate told you, is a dancer that gained notoriety some rears ago, is in tears. She rises hastily, weering convulsively and copiously into a few shreds of lines termed a handkerchief, and leaves her adorers to gaze glazily after her with blanched faces. There is cause for her of taking \$50 of his money, she confides, with many hiecoughy little sobs, to a tail, athleto rounder.

grief. One of the Wow-Wows has accused her of taking \$50 of his money, she confides, with many hiecoughy little sobs, to a tail, athletic rounder.

"The secoundrel?" he growle passionately and glaring savagely at the smooth-faced offender. "Divide with me, my dear, and I'll knock his head off. Ha! ha! ha!"

Jeers and imprecations are hurled at the Wow-Wows. A fistic clash is imminent. But the waiters gather and escort the menaced to the door. The accused dancer surrenders herself to the protection of the Jocose rounder. Presently her accuser returns, contrile, dishevelled and mad for forgiveness. He has found his money. She will not pardon, but scorns and scores him, and again he is dismissed from the place.

Tive o'clock. The Houpia is dead and riot is its successor. Tongues are thick. Speech is syncopated. All is vituperation, hysteria, loud assiduities. The respectable bothemians are gone. The scene is coarse. Further daillance until dauch surroundings is impossible; so you tied farewell to your merry bottle mate, whose disgust is equal to your own, and wander out into the chilly street.

depart. You remark that the soubrettes and chorus girls are attended by the full swarm of their faithful Wow-Wow Boys. Not one of them departs accompanied by a single attendant. Your bottlemate explains. Reputations are as jealously guarded even in theatrical Bohemia as in those divisions of society which hold aloof and adhere rigidity to exacting conventions. Surrender to the Houpia's charms is not meral relaxation. Wow-Wow Boys are only termitted to adore in numbers and in public. None is distinguished above his fellows by the queen's favor.

There o clock. The fat eashier again nods dowsily behind his dock near the windows. The through hims. Champegne corks still job steadily, but the Houpia is beginning to lag. Exuberance wares The aspect changes gradually but surely. Eyes are not so bright and linguisher is far less seemataneous and glocall. The stories lose much of their innecence. The battering ceases to be generally and unanimously pleasant. It grows personal and its not always well received. Indeed, the Houpia is becoming a festival of saturnalian aspect.

The mild roar of the blended noises descends a note. If becomes a mambling grumble, at times raucous and displeasing. Suddenly you are aware that each of the complany is taking of the rest of the world, a day when they put their best foot forward and appear arrayed in great, display of anery, and all this you must know requires nights of toil on the part of Mrs. Medicarty and the girls, sewing and basting and thing, so that it is long after midnight when the times raucous and displeasing. Suddenly you are aware that each of the complany is taking or her particular mention relating incidents and anote. It becomes a mambling grumble, at times raucous and displeasing suddenly you are aware that each of the complany is taking.

The mild roar of the blended noises descends a note. It becomes a mambling grumble, at times raucous and displeasing suddenly you are aware that each of the complany is taking.

The mild roar of the blended noises descends and thi

made a fight on the question as to whether the order here should rate or walk, and the young fellows won, McGroarty said: "Ye spalpeens may ride in conches, and divil"

a wan o' thim will I go in. I'll walk."

And when it was decided to impose a fine

upon obstreperous individuals like McGroarty he up and handed in his resignation and went over to Brooklyn to rive so that he might take part in the parade over there, for the Hibernie ans in Brooklyn continue to walk as of yore.

There was no sign of any one going to bed they were all so busy, and so young Tim Mo-Groarty, who was busy with his books, re-"There never were any snakes in Ireland."

McGroarty looked at the youth with a pitying glance, and then at Mrs. McGroarty, as much as to say: "That comes of giving the young a little learning." Then turning to-ward the youth he exclaimed: "Next thing you'll be tellin' us the blessed.

St. Patrick nivir banished the snakes out of Ireland." "You took the words out of my mouth

father," young Tim replied. "St. Patrick" never drove the snakes out of Ireland, for there never was any snakes to drive out of Ire-

The lelder McGroarty had grabbed the arms of the chair in which he sat, a habit he had got into of late when anything unpleasant and distasteful was being said in his hearing. Mrs.

distasteful was being said in his hearing. Mrs. McGroarty eyed him wonderingly and turning toward her son quietly remarked:

"You had better put away your books and go to feel. Timmy."

But the youngster was not to be balked. He was well supplied with wisdom, and was for spreading it broadcast, no matter who liked it or did not like it. Turning toward his mother the boy said boldly.

"There never were snakes in Ireland, because the geological formation of the country won't allow of it. Geologists have been pointing that out this many a day. And no one at this day, except perhaps some recopic who never looked the subject up, maintains that St. Patrick banished snakes out of Ireland. I have looked the whole business up, and mother, the whole story of St. Patrick's banishing snakes out of Ireland is a sort of guy on the Irish people, who are too ready to listen to any year that is in print, no matter who is the auction."

All the time that it took young Tim to make.

ther."
All the time that it took young Tim to make this statement. Mrs. McGroarty was looking at her husband, whose countenance grew larker and darker. Now she pleaded with her